These Waiting Hills

THE SANTA MONICAS

By John Russell McCarthy

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THESE WAITING HILLS

THE SANTA MONICAS

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THE SANTA MONICAS

By John Russell McCarthy

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John Russell McCarthy

Los Angeles
The TIMES-MIRROR *Press*
1925

NEVER ENOUGH

Never enough my feet are on the hills
That call forever to loneliness and prayer.
Such bars and burdens as a strange god wills
Deny me daily, though the world be fair.

Never enough my feet are on the hills
That lure to silence and the long, long way.
My feet are treading the ever-grinding mills
That little gods ordain, by night and day.

Never enough my feet are on the hills
Whose valleys are verses of a wordless song,
But I shall seek them when the clamor stills
And be with winds upon them long and long.

DEDICATED
TO THOSE GOOD FELLOWS
THE UPLIFTERS
WHO LOVE THESE HILLS

FOREWORD

THIS little book was written in the belief that people in cities are definitely looking toward the hills for their homes, in the belief, more especially, that many are turning toward the Santa Monica Mountains, either for recreation or to live there,—and in the firm conviction that this is a good thing.

It seems to me that these hills are waiting for just such human invasion. They have waited a long time. The topless towers of Illium had first to fall. Caesar had first to discover the land of barbarians to the north and west. Columbus had first to sail and sail west and west in his tiny chip of a boat. Then gold —and oranges—and Iowa-on-wheels. Until now, at the very sea-edge end of the long march and voyage and march of adventuring Caucasians, a city grows howling and thundering like a young giant at play—on the plain under these waiting hills.

Please let me be explicit. I am not thinking that the Almighty raised these mountains out of the weird cellar of the Pacific that you might build your chateau and I my bungalow upon them. Nor that by any strange jest of nature the hills themselves have somehow been conscious of their waiting or their destiny.

Moreover, I am far from certain that the hiking and motoring and home-building of the future is best for the hills themselves, though I am certain that it is best for the hikers and home-builders.

The copper-hued men who roamed these hills not so long ago were very likely better tenants than you and I will be. And when we are gone, as we will go, a few unnoticed centuries will wipe out our bravest scars, our most determined trails.

No matter. The day for the white invasion of the Santa Monicas has come. Therefore, this little book, which hopes in its small way to be of real use.

The writer is obviously not a botanist nor a naturalist, nor any proud "ist" whatever. He simply finds a lasting delight in these hills and would like to share that delight with others so minded. He has looked upon sunsets, canyons, vistas, panoramas of sea and plain and valley and mountain, and he here tries, as simply as such a subject permits, to put these wonders into words.

He believes that the day is ripe for a new or at least better kind of community, a community of homes set happily and healthfully on the hills, — a widespread airy city of clean-minded, strong-bodied men and women, and brown-faced outdoor children. He believes that these hills are ready and waiting for such a community, and feels that it is his pleasant, appointed task on this green earth to scramble ahead, however awkwardly, and to shout his news from the hilltops.

J. R. McC.

Santa Monica, California, 1924.

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THESE WAITING HILLS

OVER THE HILLS

NOT only clear-eyed men deny hostages to fortune and stride forth adventuring. Cities adventure, too. Cities descend into plains, they cross rivers, they cover valleys. Cities ascend mesas, and, sometimes, they climb boldly into the hills, adventuring into the ancient realm of the eagle, the new kingdom of the bird-man.

Los Angeles has walked with bungalow-feet over her plain, she has journeyed on macadam through cíenagas to the sea, she has found her way north under oaks to the feet of the Mother Mountains. Now her eyes are turned toward the hills which are peculiarly her own—the Sierra Santa Monica.

Rome, from the warm, cosy spot where the wolf gave suck, climbed out upon her seven hills and challenged the world. Los Angeles now adventures upon her seven hundred hills and invites the world. Let us look at these slopes and canyons and gentle peaks whose curves and summits a city is about to climb. Let us see what manner of land people from the four corners of the globe are soon to call home.

Although a part of the coast ranges, the Santa Monicas run east and west. Rising in the eastern arm of Griffith Park, they climb and widen on their way directly west to the Pacific, whose shore they follow westward to Point Dumé, giving the range a length of about thirty-five miles and a width averaging around five miles. Since the earth-paroxysm which gave them birth out of the sea, the Santa Monicas have changed greatly and witnessed strange things. They have towered 2,000 feet higher than they now stand, they have held only their rugged "necks and heads" out of the ocean; they have looked down upon the battles of huge and fearful beasts; they have seen the Indian come, and go.

In the early days of the white conquest these hills and canyons were the hiding places of bandits. The famous Vasquez himself had a refuge here, and—so the story goes—it was in the Hollywood foothills of this same range that he visited his sweetheart once too often and fell into the sheriff's net. From the days of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest, knights of the road have been almost as famous for their good taste in choice of abode as they have been infamous for their bad taste in choice of vocation. Perhaps half the glamour that rode with the old-fashioned highwayman grew out of the sunsets preceding his bivouac and the dawns attending his breakfast. The modern pale substitute, who knows neither sunset nor sunrise, may furnish evidence to the point. Certainly no glamour attends him.

OVER THE HILLS

Not only bandits used these hills in the old days. Smugglers (name of magic, not yet wholly dimmed) cached their booty in Malibu caves and inlets, or, heavily burdened, trudged up the long canyons to the south and down the short northern canyons into San Fernando Valley. Smuggling was once a gentlemanly game. It can hardly be called that now; yet its modern followers are not without romance; and these same shores and same canyons which once knew the tread of the contrabandistas have awakened again to the sound of boats beached by night and footsteps unlawful but interesting.

From Los Feliz boulevard through Griffith Park we speed, beyond Brush Canyon, across Cahuenga Pass, leaving Universal City far on our right and Nichols Canyon on our left. Laurel Canyon, like Cahuenga, gives us access to the plain on either side of our hills. Coldwater Canyon beckons, Franklin Canyon with its reservoirs invites us; Higgins, Peavine, Benedict, Brown, Stone, all these are due soon to be more than mere names to us. They will be places famous for their own special beauties. Or they will be dwelling places of friends. The simple fact is that many of these canyons might better be permitted to "smell as sweet" under other names. There are saints a-plenty to choose from, or flowers, or Indian words. We hundred per cent Americans are inclined to be a bit too partial to such lazy handles as Brown and Stone and Smith.

Sepulveda Canyon, a long, easy lane of pure delight, with its sycamores, its oaks and the remnants of its too obviously impossible dam, brings us back among the names which do not smack too much of Gopher Prairie. Santa Monica Canyon, perhaps best known of them all, Rustic Canyon, a vale of beauty; Santa Ynez, Topanga, Las Flores, Triunfo—thus they beckon us or hold us all the way down to Point Dumé and beyond.

It is to these hills and canyons that this little book would like to serve as an informal introduction. We'd like to admit ignorance of the sacred laws of etiquette and shout, "Hello, Mr. Cadwallader and Mrs. Jonathan, shake hands with the Santa Monicas!"

And this book would like to tell you of more than ancient bandits and still more ancient beasts. It hopes to hint of flowers blooming all year long, of chaparral and chamisal, of oaks and sycamores and walnuts and bay trees, of deer and hare and squirrels and coyotes; of blue jays and roadrunners and linnets; of toyon blooming white in summer and shining red in December; of the song of the mocker by night and the flight of gull and tern and eagle by day. We would pause, too, when chance permits, and look out upon the world at our feet; the white ribbon of the sea's edge dividing blue water and yellow sand, ships steaming by to unknown ports, the sea-coast towns clasping hands with their mother-city, the wide warm valley of San Fernando, with its buzzing towns. We'd lift our eyes

up and out to the white peaks rising out of great mountains to the north and east; somewhere, too, if Mr. Cadwallader and Mrs. Jonathan do not object, we'd like to mention a few of those mysterious things which people who stand on hills feel and know, without being able to see.

Naturalists will live here and tell the intimate life-stories of the furred and feathered denizens. Novelists, dwelling here, will weave tales through these scenes. Poets will sing the winter rains and the summer sun into rhymes. But, best of all, real lovers—"two-legged bipeds without feathers"—will live their own romances in cool canyons and over bright hills; kiddies will laugh and shout here; people of all ages will bring their knowledge and their science here and open them to the clean winds, learning, perhaps, that the Almighty is to be found on the wide canyon's rim as well as between the pages of books.

FOR YOUR EYES

OUR eyes, bound so often and so long to little black marks on white paper, are hungry for distances. The green of wide valleys rests them, the purple of far mountains lures them, the white arrow of a peak against the blue inspires them. When seen from a height, little towns by day are pleasant hives, friendly places where brother workers live; by night little towns are twinkling star-clusters, never quite real, in which anything at all, so long as it is romantic and a shade mysterious, may happen. By day the blue face of the sea is cold and shining; a girl may dance beside it, or a man laugh. But at night the sea grows suddenly old; white hair falls about the ancient face; an immemorial chant tears, throatless, through the writhing body. To look down upon the ocean at night is to see dimly into the past, to approach an understanding. Odd that a man, looking from on high into the dark face of his primeval mother, should find himself!

But perhaps this last doesn't matter so much as one would imagine at times. At least this isn't the sort

of thing that our eyes are hungry for, and it is very far from the delightful views and eye-reaches we have before us any bright morning from the comfortable heights of the Santa Monicas. The mountain ranges, peaks, canyons, hills, towns, islands that fill the hungry eye are almost beyond naming. Many of us would recognize a few. Some of us would enjoy them even better if we knew no names at all. A few, and for those few this little "introduction" to the Santa Monicas is not intended, know, even from great distances, the smooth or shaggy heads of every summit, the velvet flanks of every sinuous canyon.

On reaching the summit of the Santa Monicas, our eyes are likely to find first the wide, fruitful expanse of San Fernando valley, with its winding river, its grain-fields, its groves of olive and orange and apricot, and its thriving towns. If we are of an historical turn of mind we remember stories of the valley as it looked when the first white men found it, or when the San Fernando Mission was its center of life and religion and industry. Or we remember how the valley looked not so long ago, before the aqueduct brought water for irrigation and intensive farming. If we are even ordinarily prophetic we will be constrained to admit the "marvelous growth" in men and men's activities, which conditions and location portend. But all the time we will be filling our hungry eyes with the distance, with the restful greens, or with the browns of seed-time and harvest.

FOR YOUR EYES

From the valley we must needs "lift up our eyes unto the hills"—toward Mount Lowe, from long habit, or toward Mount Wilson, from, let us say, sentiment. It is not at all unlikely that our guardian angels dwell on these twin peaks. Certainly one of our guardian angels, Science, has a comfortable workshop on Mount Wilson; while around the mile-high peak of Mount Lowe floats a halo created at great expense and with honest purpose by another of our guardian angels, Advertising.

From these dwelling places of deities our eyes may fall to the "green Verdugo hills," in the canyons of which legend is already groping its way. Then up again to the San Gabriel peaks, following them as they seem to grow balder and steeper toward the north and west.

Further to the west, and south of Newhall Pass, lie the Santa Susannas, lower but luring the eye, rising in ridges and peaks from two thousand to more than thirty-five hundred feet. Nearer yet and lower are the Simi hills, which, with the Santa Susannas, wall in San Fernando valley on the west and bind the Mother Mountains, whose apron trails in the desert, to the Santa Monicas, whose feet are in the sea.

But these are by no means all that our eyes find as we ride or ramble from end to end along the crest of our mountains. There are low hills, too, to catch our eyes when the city's smoke has fallen in rain or has floated away in a welcome fog. Down below Palms

and Culver City lie the long low Baldwin hills. Still further to the south, above Point Vicente, rise the mounds of Palos Verdes. From our eastern limit the hills of Whittier and the San José ridges are not always hidden.

Nor do we forget Mount San Antonio, known affectionately, though disrespectfully, as Old Baldy. Through long months of the year San Antonio rises white above the green and blue and brown and purple of the mother range, a landmark and a promise. Hardly less white is the bare, wind-swept summit in summer. Serene, unmindful of the ten thousand eyes that are always upon him, Mount San Antonio watches while little laughing children grow old, and their children, and their children.

Is that Mount San Gorgonio, "Old Greyback," towering above his pass into Imperial? And Mount San Jacinto, his white-helmeted brother?

Out to the south and west is the immensity of the Pacific. A clinging, mysterious leech, the ocean rides its whirling ball around the sun.

No matter! There are islands here, Santa Catalina, San Clemente, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, and the rest (all within reach of the mind's eye, at least), and with every island goes a story—a hundred stories. Ships from Los Angeles harbor go forth to the "four corners" of the whirling globe. Ships from the four corners steam by these islands on their way to San Pedro.

FOR YOUR EYES

From Point Vicente to Point Dumé lies the yellow ribbon of sand, the white lace of foam, with here and there the gleam or shadow of water rolling against cliffs. Gulls ride on the gentle winds, pelicans dive like great living arrows, eagles soar against the sun.

Little towns, in a half moon, sit on the shore and look out upon the bay. Your eye marks them — Redondo, Hermosa, Manhattan, Venice, Ocean Park, Santa Monica. Others, of course. How soon will they be all one town, clanging and banging right back into Los Angeles? And how soon, Geologists, will this one town be an inland town, whose ocean washes new-made shores beyond Avalon? And when— Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos!—will adventurers from Venus dig a thousand feet through shale to find the forgotten paves of Venice?

No matter! There is still more to be seen by the keen eye from advantageous points. Chatsworth Pass and Newhall Pass, Pacoima Canyon, Little Tujunga, Big Tujunga—deep canyons by the score. Your glasses are useful here. Mark the towns, the gathering places of man the gregarious, to the north. Owensmouth, Chatsworth, Van Nuys, Lankershim, San Fernando, Burbank. Note the cross-roads where other towns will appear one day as by magic.

Around this turn and over the edge of the ridge— The Village of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels spreads voluminous skirts to the east. There lie Culver City, Palms. Beverly Hills is below us, not to be

seen from this point. Sawtelle, Westwood, Westgate are one. Hollywood, with her Swiss, Italian and Tudor outpoints adventuring into our hills, awaits Judgment Day with the placid composure of injured innocence.

But these towns are not all, nor these hills, nor the restful distances. Give them but the encouragement of a high place and the eyes of the imagination know no limits; neither mountain range nor the slow curve of the globe can bar them. China and Japan are hiding just under the sea's clean rim. Beyond Tehachapi spreads the empire of the Great Valley; beyond the San Gabriel range burns Mojave; east of San Jacinto and San Bernardino flows the unconquered Colorado.

From a high place our eyes reach far, yet we see even more than our eyes can find. We discover what a multitudinously beautiful world we live in. We look down upon the little works of man and compare them, in spite of our pride, with the mighty life and breath of the hills. We lift our eyes up to the stars and are abashed. And there may come a time when we look out upon the sea, that ancient mother of life, and find ourselves.

FINDING THE HILLS

NOT so long ago, as they reckon time among the stars, our forebears crawled out of the warm sea-shallows and learned to breathe air instead of water. Why? The urge of life within? The finger of a deity beckoning from without? Let each give his own answer. But out of the sea they came. Through incredible trials and failures they learned, after a fashion, to conform to the relentless laws of the sun and the wind and the earth.

When man, that mental monster among primates, had conquered through cleverness all the great beasts that dared dispute his mastery, he turned his restless brain to the conquest of inanimate nature. He rooted iron out of the red guts of the earth; he bridged the rivers; with stone upon stone he built impossible embattlements against the winds; he sailed through and over the black terrors of the sea in laughable little ships; he rose riding against the storms on linen wings.

Is there anything then in the wide world which man, that mental monster among primates, cannot do?

Yes! He cannot disobey one single law of nature

without paying the full forfeit. For all his brains, for all his conquests of beasts, for all his bridges and towers and ships and planes, man is a son of nature still. Though favored (it may be) above his unreasoning brothers, man is chastised by the same hand that lays low the bear and the ant. Man is in truth the son of God; the God of life dwells within him; though I do imagine sometimes that the life-stuff finds a more habitable refuge in (for example) the Douglas squirrel.

Well, let us see what this son of God has done with his birthright. Let us see with what satisfied urbanity he robs his children of their birthright. Let us note the forfeits enacted by the law of life, and discover, if we may, how man, while increasing in mental stature, may yet obey the mandates and enjoy the blessings of nature.

The city, once perhaps a necessity for defense, has slowly evolved into a roaring, grinding machine that tempts, binds and destroys its builders. Bright, delightful, diabolical, the city lures man, chains him with unseen chains, grinds him in its black maw and spews him forth, broken in body and mind.

The city is a necessity? Oh, yes. But one of these days we will conquer this necessary machine and compel it to obey us, work for us. One of these days we will understand its allurements hiding teeth, just as we understand the painted fly on the trout hook. One of these days we—who were to have been the victims—will laugh at the maw of the machine. But

that is still before us. Today the city is grinding, grinding. Yesterday I saw a tiny girl—

At the other end of the little row of living-methods practiced by man is the farm, the old-fashioned, domineering farm, with labor from dawn till dark for men, and labor even into the night for women. Not an alluring picture, when looked upon with unromantic eyes. Yet better, in the main, so far as the animal in us goes, than its opposite, the grinding city. In California the rancher's life has been lifted up immeasurably. Soil, sun, methods, conveniences, associations—these all have done their part. But no soil, no corner of the earth, yields good fruit without labor; and somehow or other we manage to hold the farmer pretty much to his ancient hours of labor—from sun to sun.

All day long under the glorious sun, with growing things on every hand and chaparral-velvet hills to look upon—surely there is no hardship in this! But wait. That brain we spoke of; how does the weary rancher feed it? Those noble aspirations; on what lessons from great minds can they climb to fulfillment? What of the desire for neighbors, for shows, for the little-big pleasures of life?

Our ranchers have them, the answer comes. And the answer is pretty nearly correct. In great part our ranchers have these things now; presently they are going to have more; the problem of distribution of foodstuffs is certain to be solved and then at last the rancher will be able to sit back in his chair for an hour

sometimes and, with his eyes on the newest "Outline" or his ears catching musical marvels out of ether, he will feed that big, hearty brain of his.

The rancher, it would seem, has all the best of it, both in present status and in immediate prospect. He has but to continue in his healthful, happy way, and such essential blessings as leisure, neighborliness and the arts will be added unto him. His children, in the meantime, grow up freckled and smiling as the good Lord intended.

It would appear that the rancher's problem is small beside that of his seemingly more successful city brother. The physical essentials he has at hand; he needs but to coordinate them to attain the educational and spiritual advantages available under our present civilization.

The city brother is in no such fortunate position, a hasty glance would indicate. But I, for one, am an incorrigible optimist in this matter of the dreadful, grinding cities. I believe that the shackles are loosening even now, that they are about to loosen more, that presently the shackles and black maw of the city will be only memories to mock at. There are a few bad omens, of course. There are still narrow, crowded streets. Huge apartment houses still yawn at sundown and swallow the life-stuff of a fair-sized village. But these ill-omens are outweighed. Note the way we are building the new cities, and newer parts of the old cities, in the Southland. We are spreading them wide

over valley and mesa. They are paddling with brick feet in the sea and climbing macadam spirals into the hills. Lawns, gardens, chicken yards, groves, little farms—we are beginning to surround our homes with these. We are beginning to demand air, and sunlight, and room in which to turn our cramped eyes. We are spreading our cities over ranches, making tiny ranches of our back-yard gardens. We are getting back toward the happy place where we can obey the laws of nature and avoid her fearful judgments.

It's not a change of heart, this leaning away from alleys and narrow streets. There are few of us who have not always longed for the smell of growing things and the whiff of fresh winds in our faces. We simply got into the city and were bound and held there—dreaming. It's not a change of heart, but a triumph of invention. The trolley first, then the motor car, and now the airplane—all triumphs of man's brain—have done and are doing their part toward the emancipation. Electric light and power, the telephone, radio—these also are making escape easy for us.

Poetic justice, this. Men created a monster. The monster slew its creators. The creators' children are discovering methods to overthrow the monster. Those who still doubt the present trend from the crowded sections of cities need only to consider the latter day growth and popularity of country clubs. An older generation might have found the present membership and interest in country clubs amazing, incredible. The

thing is, indeed, a striking evidence of a very wide movement. People who frequent these clubs presently decide that their children shall have the benefit of hours in the open, too. They move into the hills, not so much leaving the city as taking the city with them. Further and further over the valleys and up the hills they build, until the city becomes not only the hub, but the spreading spokes of a great wheel. Modern transportation inventions have given our pent-up longing a chance of fulfilment, have conquered the grasp of the city streets, and have turned whole counties into potential delightful cities.

Happily, this change is not alone for the rich man with his country home. The clerk, the school teacher, the mechanic, are daily discovering that they, too, can live as many miles away from their jobs as their fathers lived blocks. They can buy more land for less money; they can keep bees, chickens, a cow; they can raise figs and turnips and fine freckled children. Moreover, they become men of more than one interest—and better men for it. They have all the advantages that a city can give them, yet have regained many of the old blessings of their fathers—sun and the sky and nearness to growing things. The wives live longer and are happier. The children will grow up better equipped for the cheerful struggle we call life. Motor cars, telephones, radio, have enabled them to take advantage not only of the inventions and learning of man, but of nature's bounty also.

FINDING THE HILLS

Many of us turn first and last to the hills. I sometimes wonder if this desire is somehow related to the ancient urge which brought our forebears crawling out of the sea up the sands of the shore. Or it may be that we know where the air is purest, and want to have our lungs full of it all the time. Or it may be simply that we have besides our "mania for owning things" a mania for seeing things, and therefore seek the hills which make us eye-possessors of wide and lovely landscapes.

Another interesting desire in the hearts of many of us is that which lures us toward the sea. After the innumerable ages that have passed since last our evolutionary stock lived in the waters, it would be surely but a fantastic dream to suppose that our sea-longing is atavistic. Very likely there is nothing so complicated about it. The obvious fact is that sea air, purified in the vast reaches, comes to us clean and salty and life-giving. Getting the flavor of it once in our lungs and corpuscles, we want it again.

Thus it is that I should like to be reckoned among the prophets who shout of the Santa Monicas. These mountains coming down from the bright city to the Pacific and following the sea into the west, will inevitably become the home of happy and healthy thousands. The sun is upon them all day long. They look out upon valleys and mesas and mountains. They look down upon the sea and upon islands in the sea. They offer not only the clean breath of the chaparral hills,

but the life-bringing winds from the shining face of the ocean. One of these days we are going to build a new kind of "city," a city that is neither machine nor monster, upon these waiting hills.

BUT THE WRITERS FIRST

WE MODERNS are a jerky race, with jangled nerves. We are in the first stages of St. Vitus dance, are afflicted with incipient neuroses, and struggle continuously and vainly against all imaginable complexes. Or so our advisers tell us, with good show of evidence.

Each adviser, each prophet, has his theory of the cause. Our mechanical civilization is blamed by the timid, who fear to pin down more definitely the cause of our jangled nerves. Some teachers know absolutely that the movies are to blame, others tell us with the infallibility of inspiration that the Great War tore our weak brains topsy-turvy. The motor car comes purring in for curses. The airplane soars a stringless kite, with calumny for a tail. And perhaps, like the "nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays," "every single one of them is right."

But it is possible also that most of these teachers and prophets write their teachings and prophecies on clicking typewriters somewhere in the crowded skyscrapers of our fevered cities. And it is possible that

exactly this situation has something to do with the jerky condition of our nerves.

For not only criticisms and prophecies have an influence on our national mind. Surely the written word, the printed word, in all its diversified forms, has a greater influence upon us than any five other factors. Practically all our knowledge of news, arts, sciences, history, entertainment and whatnot, comes to us through the printed word. The newspaper, the novel, the story, the advertisement, poem, essay—of these, individually and in combination, our mental lives are made.

Now what if, suddenly, every writer at present cooped in a city were to take up his bed, his table and his pencil and hie himself to some hill—say in the Santa Monicas—where the leaves are green and a wind blows through the trees? What if all our novels, stories, plays, scenarios, were written where the linnet's note is the morning's invitation to work, the mocking-bird's song supplants the trolley's wail, and the red sun dropping into the sea announces quitting time and dinner?

Some of our best writers, it will be argued, do now live and work away from the bustle and jangle of the marts. Yes. And does not the influence of their work stand soothingly apart from the acres of nervous black words on white paper?

It may be said also, with much truth, that there are writers now living "in the open spaces" who produce

abominable novels and execrable magazine-fodder. Yet when we consider what infinitely worse tales these poor devils would concoct under the baleful influence of the city's bang and clang, we are even more convinced that the writer's place is somewhere out of town. Perhaps a good rule would be, the worse the writer, the farther away.

The mediocre scribblers now pounding out their three to ten thousand words a day in dingy offices, hall bedrooms and dining-room workshops will certainly not become geniuses in sixty days or sixty years of quiet labor in a canyon. No. But the fidgety haste will slip out of their sentences. The atmosphere of machines and screeches and whistles will be lost from their tales, leaving room for a quieter influence to creep in. They will take their typewriters with them, no doubt; and this may be necessary, since even our two million scribblers could not produce an adequate supply of "literature" if confined to production by pen or pencil.

There are at least two notable examples of actual publication of magazines away from the rumbling town. Whatever the economic necessities of manufacture, however, surely it is feasible to locate the editorial offices out back of some peach orchard, beside a sycamore, with a stream not too far away and the sky within eye-reach. After six months, say, what a difference in the editorial attitude towards manuscript offerings! The jumpy, hasty note would jar on

the calm editorial nerves. Only the serene, the thoughtful, would "get by."

And so to the magazines, the novels, the endless procession of published words. Written by calm spirits in a felicitous atmosphere, passed upon by equally unhurried editors in equally pleasant surroundings, there should be a momentous change in quality, a change to, well, let us call it serenity.

And who shall say that the reader, the modern human, would not profit? Soothed instead of ruffled by the greatest influence in his daily life, surely he himself would experience a loosening of his taut nerves, a softening and leveling of his jerky existence.

The newspapers, those hasty vendors of the minute's suppositions, will be more difficult to handle. Their wares originate in turmoil. Their profit depends upon speed. Yet, as the fellow with the pointed finger says, there is hope. If nothing better can be devised, the newspaper plants may be erected in the shades of city parks, so that running editorial writers and galloping reporters may glance through a bit of exotic greenery at a calm though alien swan.

Plays for the "speakies," as the good folks in Hollywood like to call the "legitimate," offer little difficulty. Even though their ten revisions must be made in the office of a New York producer, the original version may easily be written in the wilds; nay, even may easiest be written in the wilds, since the successful playwright is too rich to live in a city, while the tyro

is far too poor. As for stories written directly for the screen, the answer is even more simple—there is no such animal. Having taken care of the novel, the play and the magazine story, the motion picture is automatically covered.

We must not ignore the most influential branch of the writer's craft—advertising. Happily, this, too, is easy. The buyers, if not the writers, of advertising, are business men. However unfamiliar they may be with the song of the spring piper, they know every note and modulation in the scream of the Eagle. To them even the copper Indian speaks an intelligible language. Once it has been proven to the advertisers that more sales and more money can be made through advertisements written under an oak tree, never again will an advertisement be written anywhere else than under an oak tree, though a city block must be razed to give the spreading branches room.

The poets alone, as always, are doomed to hard luck. For the poets, under this plan, must go to, or stay in, the city! Simple matter, when you come to think of it. This perverse creature, the bard, is eternally singing of what he does not have, of what he cannot see. To suit our purpose he must sing of green hills and pleasant valleys and little streams. So, of course, this intractable fellow must be housed in the din of the city, so that, hearing an ambulance siren, he will write lyrics on the silent beauty of the rose.

So, at last, with the jerk, the jump, the jangle taken

out of all our writing, from doggerel to drama and back to novel, the one all-pervading influence upon the life of modern man will be transformed into a continuous counsel to calmness. The motor car, the airplane, the mechanical piano and the incubator will remain. And the gold pencil and the can openers and the steam shovels. And quacks and counter-quacks. But with serenity born of soft counsel and melodious words we shall bid our nerves behave. We shall place metaphorical thumbs at contented noses, and bid unrest begone.

LEGS AND TOPANGA CANYON

GREAT are the possibilities of those obsolete motive appendages of man, his legs. If but necessity or curiosity drive him to use them, his legs will carry him among wonders the airplane and the gas buggy cannot approach. Moreover, the legs, being so old-fashioned, are inclined to loiter by the way, so that they practically compel a fellow to look about him and learn a little of this and that.

When a fellow's cantankerous legs take him into the haunts of the gas buggy and the gas bugs, there is a great deal of wonderment and misgiving on both sides —the walker doubts if the gas bugs can digest even their dinners, while the autoists are amazed that a human being should venture beyond his own curbstone on such difficult props as legs.

For instance, what was this fellow doing the other day in Topanga Canyon, headed uphill, with no visible means of support? The passing autoists could see no flivver following him to pick him up when he fell over exhausted. Quite evidently he had not come by air-

plane—no place to land. No horse nor similar ancient monster waited nearby. The fellow had really walked this far and was actually proceeding farther. The eyes of the gas bags in their flivvers and sedans were wide with amazement. Their lips curled with scorn.

But let us catch up with the walker and watch him; discover what he discovers. Sycamores, great and small, grow along the stream by the road. The sycamores seem not quite certain as to the season of the year. Some of them are covered with leaves nearly green. Others have turned to yellow and brown. A few are leafless. Is it late summer? Is it autumn—or winter? But wait. The buds will tell. The walker examines the buds. Large, full, ready to break. No doubt about the season now, whatever the month. The first rains have come, and it is spring.

The live oaks are a livelier green. The deep green of the bay trees is brightened with yellow blossom clusters. The canyon sides have lost their summer's brown and are glad with a living hue of green. Here and there over the hills are brilliant patches—as though a generous hand wielding a great brush had trembled with the joy of his work and splashed his field with red.

Even an unlettered walker knows his toyon; and no one so much as the walker can enjoy "holly." But there are drawbacks, too, for the bedraggled bunches of red glory dropped out of gas buggies into the roadsides looked up at him forlornly. Very likely nothing

can be done about it. The "nature lovers" must pick their "holly." The exuberance attending a trip into the "great out-doors" leads them to pick more than they want. So out of the gas buggies into the roadside goes the useless surplus. And here the "holly" twigs lie. Perhaps Mr. Luther Burbank could graft them back upon their proper stems. But Mr. Burbank lacks ubiquity; and the proper stems in all these miles might be difficult even for him to find.

So the trudger casts a baleful eye upon a carload of holly pickers, comments upon the asininity of a tribe putatively descended from the simian, shrugs his shoulders and proceeds.

Here (delightful discovery!) is evidence that the internal combustion engine has not yet attained perfection. A gas buggy is stalled, its lone occupant compelled to get out and get under. From the bowels of the lethal machine come guttural sounds, rapidly waxing in strength and wrath. The mechanically reclined person is talking to himself. At the height of his soliloquy he rolls from under, rubs the grease and dust further into his eyes and emits three trenchant oaths. Through his grime he sees the walker, not an oath-cast away. But this gas bug is exclusive. Although loquacious enough in addressing what was surely his better self, he will not vouchsafe the walker a single "good-morning!" nor even a nod of the head. He stamps around to the lee of his craft, studies correspondence lesson number ninety-one, on engines, and

again reclines mechanically. The walker, remembering Pollyanna, trudges forward.

Rounding the green wall of a curve, he comes face to face with an old friend—a friend who has broken out with his spring flower-song astoundingly early. Certainly the first rains were not wasted upon this buckthorn. Flower clusters, pale blue as the sky on a misty morning, open delicately at the road's edge. Thanks to the kind gods he is not weaponless, and the rapacious gas bugs who will attack him before the day is over are pretty sure to leave blood on his thorns. If only the holly had bayonets like these, or a magic touch like the poison oak!

A great bird soars high overhead. Is it an eagle, or just a large hawk? It would be much more interesting to be able to tell the home folks it was an eagle. But it is far away, and the glimpses of it are short. The walker berates his ignorance. Flowers also have escaped him. Friendly enough, with cheerful open faces, but he couldn't call them by name. If only there were a botanist by his side! But a too erudite botanist, latinizing these gay disks of color, would only detract from a fellow's pleasure. Better no name than an ugly one for these bits of beauty. Still, a good friendly botanist, who keeps his Latin in the background, would be a blessing.

Another pause for the lazy pedestrian. Below him is a splendid amphitheater, in which the drama called Life is enacted day and night unceasingly. Deer, bob-

cats, rabbits, quail—all these play parts. The trees are bright curtains. At the center of the stage is a stream. For audience, great cliffs of pudding-stone look down; and the sun and the moon; and the walker. Across the canyon is a baby landslide. (Someone has been stamping around in the wings, waiting for his turn on the stage.) Directly behind the observer is a huge conglomerate rock, ready to come tumbling and roaring at a straw's pressure. Is it Fate, perhaps, so popular with the ancient dramatists?

Turning back to the gas buggies and the road, the walker finds himself confronted by an astonishing sign: "Los Angeles City Limits. Slow down to Twenty-five Miles Per Hour." The devil! One is necessarily reminded of two Los Angeles youths who happened to be traveling through the northern part of the State. Meeting a stranger, they told him where they came from and what they were doing. Then they asked him his business. "Oh," said he, with the inflection usually assumed by satirists, "I'm just taking the Los Angeles census!"

But here is the sign, and here are the city limits. Three hours of walking have brought the pedestrian here—and he was seventeen miles out the city proper when he started!

Oh, well, this is good enough; and this is a fine part of the city. Hills, canyons, trees, a stream, no house in sight—this is a glorious part of the city. Los Angeles! One hopes you will keep on using this part of

your town for something besides apartment houses and department stores. Why should a town be all streets and tenements and markets? Take in all the hills, canyons and mountains you can reach or buy. This is the sort of "building" that goes to the making of a dream city.

The morning is spent, and the gas bugs, having slept the forenoon sleep of the righteous, are increasing in numbers hazardous to the pedestrian. Time for a brisk walk home. Down hill, around curves, down again, around again—and there is the Pacific gleaming blue beyond the narrow road.

Here is a ranch at the mouth of the canyon, green fields and cattle and cottages; and certain lucky devils actually live here, with sun and sea and hills—and space for their eyes to turn in!

HOLIDAY ON THE BEACH

IT HAPPENS that this particular Thanksgiving day on the beach near Santa Monica is not by any means bright, though many delights other than brightness are in the air. A whiff of wind catches the walker, now on one cheek, now on the other—though the other had not been turned; a whiff of wind which must have found an iceberg to blow over when it came from the sea, and which surely had a word or two of greeting from the snows of Mount San Antonio, when it came from the land. High clouds, silver-tipped and gold-lined, low clouds, heavy with promise of rain, hang over the Pacific and the mountains. To the west (although most of us citizens of Santa Monica Bay, remembering dimly our geography and forgetting the compass, the sun and the north star, think of it as north)—to the west at intervals, looms Dumé Point, a signal rather than a goal. And to the west one trudges, through a mist that is almost a rain, or a rain that is almost a mist.

Here, on the sand, slightly protected by a trace of a

dune, is an early Thanksgiving dinner in its middle stages. A fire. A dog. Four children. Or is it five? They seem to have so many mouths. The parents. (What is their opinion of the number of mouths?) The father, thin. Dark shirt. Overcoat, black. Close to the fire. More cold than hungry. But cheerful, not without pride. No need for M. Coué here. The mother is heavy but energetic, warmed by layers of fat, a good eater, after her fashion. Placid, with a certain grey dignity, shawled, upon a cushion (the only cushion) sits a mother-in-law. She is ready for the dessert, and while she waits permits the waves to furnish her mild entertainment. When the husky wife is finished with the turkey-back upon which she labors with mouth and two hands, and the two boys have gleaned the last edible shred from their drumsticks, the mother-in-law will come back cheerfully to the matter at hand, and eat her mince pie with the best of them. Not to be scorned, this meal, nor these kindly folk. They are giving thanks in a very practical and unconscious way. Only the dog, one of whose diversified ancestors was a shepherd, has the best of his day before him. Never a bite goes down one of those seven (or are they eight?) throats, but sharp canine eyes follow it. Particularly the dog follows the fortunes of the twin drumsticks, wagging his tail hopefully in response to the boy's verbal but mumbled promises. With such a family a pet is sure of his reward, so one may proceed contentedly up the sand.

In fact, although his eyes hesitated, the walker has not actually stopped.

There are other and faster walkers. A pair of middle-aged honeymooners, intent upon emphasizing their youth, plow past. Three and a half miles an hour in the sand. They are without bundles; will return to town to take an unfair advantage of turkey and cranberries.

A Mexican family disbarks from a large car and makes as one for the water's edge. It is not yet quite noon, yet there is evidence enough that these prosperous dark-skinned explorers have dined, and dined well.

Here is a family of three, not quite decided about leaving their Ford for the uncertainties of the sand. They have but recently passed a lunch counter, and the six-year-old daughter carries in two little fists a hot-dog, silent evidence of her impatience with dinner's delay.

There, against a sand bank, is a young couple lunching. They will return to Los Angeles or Pasadena and dine properly at night. Just now they are enjoying themselves and their dark-bread sandwiches, sufficiently at home with each other to be critical of passers-by. And this particular passer-by, tasting of his own medicine, is none too pleased. Baggy trousers, ancient hat—that sort of thing. He hastens.

The cars, in spite of road-mending difficulties, grow thicker. In the smaller open cars are eager faces and

lunch baskets. In the large closed cars are dignified elderly folk, hoping for appetites. In the flashy cars, steel-wheeled and painted crimson and yellow and purple and lavender, are shoe clerks, stenographers, butchers, promoters, ministers and thieves. Perhaps they are giving thanks in their monotonous unison of method. The trudger, momentarily curious, is unable to judge.

Close to the water, among the small stones that carpet the shore near the spot where once stood a picturesque movie village, the walker halts. A dozen road laborers, making the holiday more than ordinarily a day of rest, are searching for such tiny monsters as the sea may have cast forth. They have found a strange shell and are "breaking him open" with sticks and stones, to see what "he" is made of, and for. Boys, these, for whom as for so many, puberty meant a cessation of mental development, as though a tidal wave of immemorial instincts rushed upon them, drowning the struggling mind. Fortunate, perhaps, is the brain which rises a third time through that rushing wave, and finds to hand the broken spar of a hobby or the leaking rowboat of an ambition.

But, well—these are boys, whatever their age, and they are having a good time at the expense of this salty "monster." There was garlic in their turkey. Let us leave them.

Topanga Canyon? A name of promise, a memory to lure. But there is this matter of the stomach. Deep-

seated within bones, flesh, skin, cotton from Imperial and wool from the Scottish highlands, this stomach has looked out upon the world. It has seen strange and delightful sights upon the beach. Turkeys, brown, and chickens, browner, sweet potatoes, pumpkin pies —no wonder this stomach is tempted. No wonder it refuses to move another five minutes away from its own source of supplies!

With every returning step the home table, though unseen, becomes more beautiful. The hour of fulfilment draws near. There is little time and less desire to note the gustatory graces and grimaces of others. Some of their more obvious advantages, of course, one is unable to ignore. What eons went to the making of their sandy sofas? What Hand painted the scenery of the watery stage before them? What millions of years of training, monotonous, changeless, beautiful, gave grace to their airy dancers, the gulls? Or their winging shadows, the terns? Or their great high divers, the pelicans?

These diners-out upon the beach have more to be thankful for than a roasted bird, however fine, or even an honest appetite, or even a year of blessings. The ancient mother of life is before them; above them the clouds that nurse the quickening earth; and through the mists are winging those living creatures which come nearest the stuff and the flight of dreams.

Do they know—these diners on the sand? Do they see? Perhaps it doesn't matter. At least they are

happy. Certainly it would be officious to ask them. And a great waste of time. One must hurry.

Now for cold water and a hasty rub to a glow. Something clean—quick. The oven door is open. A chair, a carving knife, a circle of smiles. Let us give thanks!

LEAF AND BLOOM

CAN anyone see, without a brightening of the eye and a quickening of the heart, the white flame of The Lord's Candle burning on brown hills? Erect it stands and proud, risen like an angel out of the armor of righteousness. Wherever the trail climbs, from the cool beds of canyons, around rocks, over steep slopes, among thirsty, sun-browned chaparral, upstands beside it and beyond and behind, the white splendor of the candle. Yucca, says the "little book." Spanish bayonet, says the hurried hiker. But the ordinary mortal, halting anew before each immaculate shrine, knows better. This is, indeed, The Candle of the Lord.

Out of the rich soil of a canyon's bed, spring the bold armies of the leopard-lily. Real armies they seem, with a sturdy company on every stalk, a regiment in every shadowy bend. Did not certain soldiers, long ago, spring fully armed out of the Earth's dust? Fearless they were, no doubt, these dust-born human fighters, and brightly caparisoned. Yet I doubt if

their banners were as brave as the red and orange and purple gonfalons of the leopard-lily.

Soldiers, said I? An Army? Where, then, is the enemy; and with whom lies victory? The enemy comes blundering on two long legs. The enemy comes marauding with two out-stretched arms. A fine company at a swath, a whole regiment to the armful, the enemy destroys and carries away these boldest of the canyon's bright defenders. Like all such victories, this one is empty, for the fallen soldiers prefer death to the prison.

Some day these marauding bipeds will be dealt with in a manner fitting their crime. A good stiff fine, relentlessly collected, may help. In some cases, the fine is even now doing noticeable protective work. Yet sometimes it seems that a penalty slightly more severe, like boiling in oil, or drawing and quartering, will prove necessary if certain of our more obviously glorious flowers are to remain tenants on this earth. Perhaps a more humane system would be merely to pull a culprit's tooth for every plucked leopard-lily found in his possession, and snip off a finger (or two toes) for each decapitated yucca bloom.

What wealth of leafy and flowery treasure a botanist may find on the Santa Monica Mountains I do not know. Surely the deep canyons and bright ridges, facing south against the sea and north upon a warm inland valley, discover to the trained seeker a myriad living jewels hidden from an ordinary tramper. More-

over, when a botanist sees a flower he or she sees a great deal more than is visible to the common mortal. The botanist who has not permitted Latin nomenclature and pride of pedantry to befog his vision of beauty is a lucky devil. On the trail which shows you or me a handful of beauties, he finds a score. If a man's wealth were measured (as on some less prodigal planets it may be), not by the gold he has packed into vaults but by the beauty he has stored in his heart, botanists should rank high.

But the rest of us, astride Rosinante or Kaweeah, or sturdily perched on Shanks' Mare, will find leaf and bloom enough in these waiting Santa Monicas. Even the flashing motorist, whom only a billboard burst of California holly or giant white pillar of yucca may distract from his speedometer, will find his soul fed with beauty despite his shield of haste. For myself, little as I know of the names and habits of the greenwood folk, I have never ventured into these hills, at any season of the year, without meeting the bright unexpected face of some pleasant flower citizen.

Along about June, chamiso, or chamisal, as it is called in dense growths, though long a green background or rooftree for earlier flowers, comes into its own. Then, covering whole spurs and canyon sides, chamisal gladdens the earth with a profusion of dainty white flowers on feathery panicles. Many good people speak of chamiso as greasewood, perhaps with sufficient reason. But as that none-too-beautiful name is

quite properly applied to a green denizen of the desert, people who object to the Spanish-Californian "chamiso" might profitably search their heads for a fitting handle. June-snow? Summer-down? No. But when one considers that chamiso, with its needle-like leaves, is a member of the great rose family, the name of "needle-rose" comes tripping from the tongue.

The poppies, springing golden from the fields of France and the meadows of California, are not only immortal by right of beauty but have attained a second immortality in the songs of bards. If any flower may bloom with asphodel on the green hills of heaven, surely the poppy will be there.

Yet among all the songs, good and bad, celebrating the poppy, I have never found one dedicated to that golden-faced bloomer against the blue sky, the tree-poppy. Who will give the tree-poppy the second singing immortality it so much deserves? Here's a call, poetasters, to a ramble on the hills and an hour's feverish enjoyment of your "secret sin" of versifying.

Another of the rose family, toyon or "California-holly," gladdens these hills in summer with its white flower clusters. Most of us, knowing "holly" best when it paints scarlet patches against the Christmas green of the hills, should be glad to make friends with it in its white robe of summer. Then, at least, the two-legged enemies of beauty are content to leave the toyon's twigs untorn.

Of the larger trees, those not properly a part of what

Mr. Francis M. Fultz calls the elfin forest, a few welcome species stand out. In the canyons of the southern slope are live oaks, lonely fellows at times, in other places almost as gregarious as their smaller brothers, the "scrub" oaks. Where a few live oaks are growing together you are sure to find those lively grey acorn hunters, the tree squirrels. In the canyons of the northern slope are white oaks; and here or there in almost any secluded canyon bed you will find wild walnuts, willows, alders. I have come upon great armies of bees, in full chorus, laboring at the willow blooms on Christmas day.

The sycamores, chiefly found in the lower canyon washes, are magnificent contortionists. One old tree I know has gnarled and twisted himself into such a grotesque giant that I must stop and wonder at him every time I pass. Indeed, he needs but an outstretched tin cup or old hat to become rich. Few mortals, noting his posturing, twisted limbs, could forbear to drop a dime in this old sycamore's hat. Some of the finest specimens of this picturesque tree stand in the lower reaches of Santa Monica Canyon, and upon the Uplifters' Ranch, in Rustic Canyon.

A tree which many of us knew by name long before we saw it, and which, by the way, we recognized without difficulty, is the "green bay-tree." At first sight we were glad to discover that it is what was of old claimed for it: Surely no green is greener! And as for "flourishing," let us hope that our modern "wicked"

will not be permitted to follow the ancient example. Certainly the slender bay-tree, or "California-laurel," or "wild-olive," is a welcome member of the tree family in these hills. Its pungent leaves, when crushed, are reckoned a cure for headaches, which may be as it may be. Its fruit, while olive-like in shape, is nearer in fact to the hickory nut and is relished in due season by the grey squirrels, whose taste is not so discriminating as their bright eyes might lead one to believe.

Coming down again to the chaparral, the shrubs most frequently met with in many parts of the Santa Monicas are the sumacs, a round half dozen of them. They are evergreens, sometimes growing rather high, with single leaves—quite a different bush from that familiar to many of us in the east. As the various species bloom at different periods, one is pretty sure to find some sumacs in flower any time during the first half of the year. The flowers are not gaudy, but their delicate pink and white is always pleasant to discover.

Any day in the year adventures in flower-finding await the unlearned wanderer upon the Santa Monicas. Surely it is an adventure to come upon a spray of sky-blue mountain-lilac in December. And Mariposa tulips, with greedy bees in the purplish white of their cups—no profligacy of planting could destroy the excitement of each new finding. Columbine standing scarlet above a rock; the pink of wild honeysuckle climbing upon sumac; violet nightshade, with a scent that might have been borrowed from the wild rose;

the first purple blooms of the common aster; the mischievous yellow faces of the common monkey-flower; the lilac and white of innocence; wild buckwheat spreading breakfast for the bees—each of these spells adventure for the happy wanderer. Each of these, and innumerable others; for nothing is common to most of us, and we do not know that there is such a thing as a weed.

And white sage—who could forget white sage? Here, if you please, is a garden, covering the side of a hill with gummy white stems and lavender flowers, scenting the air to high heaven. Yet here, too, is the feasting place of bees, where is garnered the stuff of such honey as no mortal unrepentant of his sins should ever taste.

FURRY FOLK

A WHISKING flash of grey across the path, another—and another! Up the bole of an old live oak they speed; up the bole and down again; under the chaparral; over a fallen tree and back into the dark branches of their first objective, the wide-spreading live oak. Grey squirrels they are, intent upon some ancient and honorable pastime of rodents; ancient and honorable, certainly, but none the less fast and furious. Noise is nothing to them, it would appear, at least when they themselves are its authors.

Satisfactorily fed by oak and bay and various yielders of seeds, with now and then, perhaps, a non-vegetarian bite, protected to a certain extent from the spray of No. 4 chilled shot, the grey squirrel seems a saucy monarch of his domain. Many of his natural enemies, with bounties on their scalps, have gone or are going the way of the wicked. His life, though not all roses, is, in certain seasons at least, about as happy as the life of any wild thing could be.

Although the grey squirrel by nature is less apt to

seek the neighborhood of humans than is his relative, the red squirrel, he becomes accustomed very quickly to the presence of people, at least to people who do not go slipping under the trees with a bang-bang in their hands. Where he is fed and made a pet of generally, he loses both in beauty and nimbleness. His tail is held less saucily, may even lose its sheen and its fullness. But where the grey squirrel, though not a pet, is not overly fearful of man, the visitor or dweller in the hills will find in him a delightful, industrious neighbor.

When you go among grey squirrels, counting them religiously so that your tale of discovery to those at home may be both accurate and marvelous, it is interesting to remember that where you see a dozen squirrels, two or maybe three dozen have their eyes on you. Crouching in the crotch of the live oak, or lying flat on a limb, one sharp eye cocked in your direction, the little animal you cannot see is watching you. Or he may be clinging, head down, to the bark of that big tree before you, not four paces from where you stand. But he keeps twelve inches of tree trunk between his panting body and your eager eye. In the end, though, if you are persistent enough, his curiosity will get the better of his patience. He will dart from his hiding place, scold you loudly in that special tone he seems to reserve for interlopers, and then rush across ground or through airy spaces for his home. There, on a limb, within a tenth second's dash of his front door, he sends

back his final note of defiance. Even where the annual raid of hunters has made the grey squirrel very wary of man, this bark of defiance at his home's doorway is a characteristic trait. Except when hard pressed or greatly frightened, he thus celebrates the victory of one who is not too proud to run. An unhappy habit it is, too, at times, for it may guide the hunter to the defier's hollow tree, where the nimrod need but sit down and wait until Mr. Curious whisks again adventurously forth.

If you are lucky, and quiet, and if the wind is favorable, a very thrilling thing may happen to you in these mountains. Not an extraordinary event, but sure to be thrilling no matter how often it occurs. You are standing on an old road, or a little-used trail—say two easy hours north from Sawtelle near Sepulveda Canyon. It is late afternoon. The shadows are long. The air grows cooler. The little mid-day winds are still. You have not gone so far as you intended; you have delayed longer than you knew over this flower and that view, until now, reluctantly, you decide it is time to turn back or go to bed hungry. A sigh, a glance up the canyon—ha! A deer—a buck!

How did he get there? You have seen deer before, but always heard them coming, with great noisy leaps or quick noisy trot. Always? No, not always; a little different every time; this time at last as sudden and silent as the materialization of a ghost. It is too far to see, but you know he is sniffing the air. He turns

your way, takes a step or two. Coming! His eyes, none too sharp for a woodlander, are focused inquiringly upon the charred stump which is you. Will he see you, in that half-light? Will he catch your scent, now that the air is still? Will he hear you, with no sound escaping but the thumping of your heart and the ticking of your watch?

But even while you ask he turns. Two leaps and he is gone, noisy enough now but invisible behind the oaks and beyond the bend. You pull yourself together, stare hopefully for a minute. But no, there are no more. No does are following. No fawns. Satisfied, you start for home. The thrill has found you again, the same old thrill that your protrusive-mouthed ancestors knew in other and fiercer days.

They are not always so wild, these deer. Sometimes, knowing that you, unarmed, are watching them, they will watch you long. Two or three together they will stand and gaze at you with wide eyes.

Perhaps it adds to the thrill to know that you are never sure where next you will see a deer. It may be in a brushy valley, among the chamisal of a hillside, under live-oaks or sycamores in cool canyons. You never know.

The buck's new antlers appear in May or June. Within an astonishingly short time they are fully developed, and they stand out pridefully during the rutting season, when his antlered majesty struts about his kingdom. It is in this season that, playfully or in

real battle, male deer sometimes lock horns. Unable to tear themselves loose, growing weaker and weaker for want of food and water, they die.

After the buck's antlers are shed, the doe comes into her own. Both before and after her fawns (frequently twins) are dropped, her mate is a mild and harmless fellow. Like the shorn Sampson, the buck without his antlers is far from the proud bully of rutting days—a wise provision of nature both for the doe's sake and the sake of the fawns.

The California hare, our old friend the jack-"rabbit," is a cheerful and persistent denizen of these hills, where probably he does no great harm. His litters, or rather, her litters, are not large, numbering only two to four and appearing usually but twice a year in winter and spring. This would seem to indicate that if natural enemies are not all destroyed, the California hare should be kept easily within satisfactory census bounds. As a general rule, it is only when man or the elements interfere with the delicate life-balance of nature that one species multiplies and becomes a pest.

This jack-"rabbit" (though he is not a rabbit at all, but a true hare), is a nimble fellow known to all of us and liked by most of us. His long legs, his donkey ears and his astounding speed make him distinctly an individual. He is a strict vegetarian, eating leaves, stems or branches of a variety of plants and small shrubs, sometimes, unfortunately dining on the rancher's grain or on the bark of young fruit trees.

Hares are not much sought after as food, partly because of the numerous parasites to which they are hosts. One of these parasites is especially interesting because of its necessity for two quite different hosts within which to complete its life cycle. This ambitious fellow is a tapeworm, a species of Caenurus, whose larvae are to be found floating in "water-blisters" under the skin or in the flesh of the hare. These larvae cannot mature to the dignity of tapeworms within the flesh of the hare. They need rather the food and local color to be found in the stomach of a dog or a coyote. Happily for the larvae, such a change of habitat is quite likely to occur. In their new environment the larvae grow into tapeworms, whose eggs, passing from their new host, have a good chance of falling upon leaves or grass and being eaten by hares. Here again the eggs develop into larvae, to be eaten by another canine. So strange are nature's ways! While many of us dislike the idea of being eaten even once, the Caenurus is under the necessity of getting itself eaten twice or dying.

You won't see many brush hares, or brush "rabbits," although they are plentiful enough here, as they are elsewhere in the southwest. They are "digitigrade, terrestrial, principally crepuscular and nocturnal," an authority says. Let me assure you that they are all this and more. Sometimes, indeed, they seem more spiritual than terrestrial. Timid, hiding in the chapar-

ral, they are not easy to shoot, which of course is as it should be.

Among those unfortunate creatures which are seldom mentioned except in connection with poisons and traps are the California ground squirrels. We think of them, not simply as animals, but as pests; and with good reason, as there is evidence enough to prove. Yet it seems possible that we ourselves are not wholly blameless. We have multiplied their provender while we decimated their natural enemies. These two human aids added to their natural fecundity have given the ground squirrels their over-balanced prominence.

Taken one at a time, or a very few at a time, as we find him on the rocky hillsides, the ground squirrel is not such a bad fellow. He is lively and entertaining. He has at least one very proper California characteristic—he dotes on sunshine. On cold, wet days, he disappears under ground, but he is not a hibernator and he'll be up and out in search of food on the first bright warm morning.

Grain and other seeds, fruit, vegetables, eggs and birds are all good food in his estimation, probably ranking in importance as named.

We usually think of the ground squirrel as an inhabitant of open fields, for which idea there are three good reasons: First, he is more easily seen in such a place; second, we are more likely to be there ourselves; third, he actually does follow the footsteps of the pioneering farmer. What a magnificent, yet terrifying,

god the rancher would seem to a ground squirrel able to think! Magnanimous, sowing whole fields with the manna of grain; yet a god of evil, too, sprinkling his manna at times with the stuff of death.

Although it is true that ground squirrels are to be found most frequently in the fields bordering the range north and south, and in the ranches of the slopes and summit such as those of Topanga Canyon, they make their homes in the chaparral, too, and are often entertaining hosts to the visiting "human."

Obviously, this little chapter does not pretend to anything more than a suggestion of the variety of animals to be found in the Santa Monica Mountains. A few only of the better known "furry folk" have been mentioned. From mice and moles and gophers up to badgers and foxes and coyotes, many more await the seeing eye—and, let us hope, the kindly heart.

FINE FEATHERS

IT WAS well up the canyon that the tumult broke upon our ears. Indians incanting against devils? Dinosauri urging themselves into the fury of battle? We walked closer to the uproar. The sounds, though louder, took on familiar tones. Harsh, scolding tones they were; sounds less suggestive of strange monsters and more reminiscent of that black corn thief, the crow, and that great croaker, the raven; but colored by a fury no crow ever knew, and delivered in such a Philippic as no raven nor flock of ravens ever delivered.

More familiar now those tones and overtones (no undertones, mark you!), so that we approached the tree of origin, knowing at least the color of what we should find. A live oak it was, heavily leaved, and we were directly beneath it before a flash of blue drew our eyes to one of the squawkers. A jay—two of them; noisy enough for a host. Hopping from limb to limb, flashing blue wings, belaboring something or someone with a "vociferocity" of which only a jay is capable, this excited pair made evening hideous.

What, then, was the object of their scolding? Not ourselves, at any rate; for while jays had scolded or mocked or derided us several times that day, never had their fury sent forth such a barrage of sound as this. No. The culprit must be close, must be somewhere in the live oak—must, indeed, be something known of old to jays as a mortal enemy. Back and forth under the live oak we tiptoed, scarcely noticed by the big blue birds nor by their smaller feathered brethren. These smaller birds were as excited as the jays, although they could never be as noisy. And they had joined their blue foes against the common enemy—an interesting situation, indicating something of the size and fierceness of the marauder.

Ha! A glimpse of black. The twitch of a black tail. The reflected light of green eyes, peering out of a black, whiskered face. A house cat, in truth; gentle black tabby venturing into his ancient kingdom and calling down upon his head the anathema of the feathered world. Tabby himself seemed worried. He looked down upon us with uncertain glances and eyed the darting birds with apparent doubt. He crouched, but his muscles were not tensed to spring. He crouched, we surmised, because he was afraid. Perhaps he was new to raiding. Perhaps the verbal onslaughts of the jays were too fierce for his milk-fed liver. Maybe he saw hostility in our curious, upturned faces. With huge enemies below, and darting, squawking enemies above, tabby's heart must have failed him,

for down and out of his tree at three bounds he sped, disappearing in a black streak under the ceanothus.

Almost immediately the jays were quieter. Their sidelong glances fell now upon us, and their less frequent alarm calls notified the woodside of the appearance of two new suspicious characters. The small birds disappeared as by magic. But two human trudgers had had a good evening's entertainment.

Out of the chaparral into the road steps a singular creature, dignified, important; a bird, but surely unlike any other bird under the sun. He regards an interloper serenely for a moment, then dashes, not flies, away. The chaparral out of which he came invites him from either side. The interloper, afoot or astride, is following. Yet the strange bird sticks to his legs and sticks to his road. He will escape on that line if it takes all day, he seems to aver. Very likely the road-runner, losing his "pursuers" around a bend, feels some primitive equivalent for pride of victory. He has won another race!

The road-runner, or chaparral cock, is one of the never-failing delights of these hills. With his foot of tail and foot of body, his naked eye and short wings, he struts about the land. He can run extremely fast when pressed, or when he feels that he is being pressed, but he seems to have little confidence in his wings. I have seen him take a short fly after a fast run down hill, but not often, and never far.

The road-runner appears to have a definite stamping

ground, even a definite hunting course. Oddly, too, he is quite likely to be found at the same place every day at a certain time, as though his day's round trip were fixed on schedule and he carried a watch. This may give him an advantage over snakes, lizards, centipedes, horned-"toads" and mice, which do not carry watches. At any rate, these form the fuel that keeps the chaparral cock's internal fires burning.

Two to twelve buffy-white eggs are laid in a stick-nest near the ground. The eggs come some days apart usually, and incubation begins early, so that by the time the last chick is hatched the first chick may be half grown.

Does the road-runner kill rattlesnakes? Perhaps. I have never seen the feat, even in movies, and the many observers I have asked have all had the same answer: "I've heard of it but haven't been lucky enough to witness it." One thing is sure, the road-runner is not afraid of his rattling majesty.

What's in a name? A vast deal is in a name, at least if one accounts the difference between life and death a "vast deal," and most of us do.

Perhaps the most beautiful snake in North America is a harmless fellow which has the misfortune to be called, over a large territory at least, the blowing viper. Blowing viper! Who wouldn't cast the first stone at a snake with a name like that? Who wouldn't break a blowing viper's back with the nearest fence-rail or

willow switch? Harmless? A blowing viper harmless? Well, says everyman, I'll take no chances.

But this handsome snake, with all his colors, is dogged even further by adversity. He has another name, an even more dreadful name, the bastard rattlesnake. If here or there in the eastern hills lives a boy or man who would not kill a blowing viper, it would be hard to find a single one of those few who could withhold his club from a bastard rattlesnake. Thus this handsome fellow, harmless though he is, pays the penalty for his names, both of which, by the way, were saddled upon him without his consent.

It must be admitted that the blowing viper puffs himself up and assumes a formidable pose when he is attacked. In the economy of nature this habit had probably quite a profitable use, in frightening enemies or securing food. But man, stalking up and down upon the earth, plays the very devil with the economy of nature.

Many a farmer's lad, who might not kill a Cooper hawk, feels like a hero when he brings down a chicken-hawk. The same bird? Yes. But consider the different import of the two names. A chicken-hawk—chicken-eater—is obviously a farmer's enemy, and in this case, indeed, the death-bringing name is not altogether inappropriate.

The shrike, common to these hills, may have earned the bad reputation which gave him the name of

butcher-bird, but certainly that name itself has given him an even worse reputation which he has not earned.

"What is that bird?" I heard a little boy say to his mother.

"Oh, that is a dreadful butcher-bird, William," answered the good lady.

The impression of his mother's words and tone will likely remain with little Bill for half a century. The shrike is a butcher-bird to him. And it is well to consider that the term butcher-bird implies something much worse than the word butcher. A girl who would marry a butcher's son, provided he had a car and a job and could dance, would shudder at the thought of a butcher-bird.

Whence the name? It came naturally enough, in spite of its unfairness. The shrike has a habit of impaling grasshoppers and such dainty morsels, sometimes, unhappily, small birds also, on thorns, that he may eat them at his leisure. Butcher! Cruelty? Nothing of the kind. Cruelty is a moral offense, of which the shrike could not be guilty. The simple fact is that in thus keeping his catch for later use he is showing unusual intelligence, comparable with that of the woodpecker, who stores acorns in the holes he makes in trees. Moreover, the shrike uses the thorn as a sort of fork, making a holding tool of it, another evidence of his mental powers.

The shrike eats a few small birds, yet his reputation among them is demonstrably better than among men.

A nesting bird, finding him near, will call him names, even as you and I; but I have seen him flying near a flock of small birds, swooping down near them for insects, without their showing any especial fear. If their name for him were butcher-bird, or murderer, his sudden appearance would always set them scurrying and scolding.

Whether or not the shrike deserves his ugly name, there is one bird in these hills who surely merits all the pleasant names that his million friends can invent. The mocking-bird, whose song by day or night wakes cheery echoes in human hearts, is properly the best known and best loved bird in this sunny land.

After the mocker's eggs (those mottled blue eggs he was singing of), have broken to let their precious prisoners go free, the mocker and his quiet mate are as busy and happy as two birds could well be. Any day from early April until late June you will find your favorites, the mocking-birds, speeding back and forth and up and down in quest of insects for their brownish spotted, inordinately receptive family. Wish them well. They are industriously attending to the Almighty's business.

That bold and merciless bandit, the sharp-shinned hawk, goes his destructive way about these mountains. While he is as nature made him, and not to be blamed, it must be admitted that as an enemy of songsters he is also an enemy of songster lovers. Though we admit the reasonableness of his voracity, we are under no

obligation to approve of his choice of food. Many good people think that sharp-shin, together with his cousins, the Cooper hawk and the goshawk, should be exterminated. Perhaps. Yet, it is well to remember that such interference with nature's balance is always a doubtful, sometimes a dangerous, thing to do. The introduction of "harmless" animals into lands where nature has trained no meat-eaters to keep them in check, as in the classical example of the taking of rabbits into Australia, usually furnishes an illustration of the folly of interference.

If the sharp-shinned hawk should reduce the number of small birds and rodents below a certain point, he, himself, would go hungry and presently become very rare. That is nature's way. But if his clan were destroyed by lead and gunpowder, no man can say whether good or ill would result. More small rodents? Surely, but of doubtful benefit. More song-birds? Very likely. But it is interesting to speculate as to what other and more destructive enemies such a plethora of song-birds would invite, what possible food-shortages, what diseases. For nature, unmoral nature, is pretty certain to have her way.

The linnet, unsung for all his handsome waistcoat and friendly tameness, seems to delight almost as much in the presence of men as he delights in the lusciousness of the fruit in men's orchards. The house-finch is perhaps a better name for this cheery and fearless little singer, whose aerial antics for the benefit and

praise of his mate should make him a welcome spring-time visitor in any garden. For that matter, the house-finch does not live on fruit alone. How could he, even here? Insects and small caterpillars are important dishes in his diet, and it may be that his destruction of such tiny enemies more than offsets the cost of the fruit he steals from man—that self-appointed judge of what is good and what is useful.

The flicker, with his flight like long waves falling, the woodpeckers, the wrens, the thrushes—no end at all to the common birds everyone knows. And the rare fellows, the strange visitors from other climes, these are to be found, too, in almost any day's walk. Silent-winged owls are among the ghostly terrors of the night. Blackbirds, crows and ravens follow here their separate ways of life. Meadow-larks, quail and doves are among the many who find a good living upon the ground. Bald eagles and golden eagles soar—not too often will you see them—against the sun. Once, perhaps, if you live long enough and are extraordinarily lucky, you may see the wide motionless wings of a condor.

Down by the sea—what multitudinous life there is on the shores and in the sea-winds. What swimming and running and sailing and soaring and diving! Gulls dancing upon little winds; cormorants with snake-like necks heading swift and straight for home-cliff or feeding place; terns, those swallows of the sea, playing over the waves as sunlight plays in a wood; pelicans,

finding moments of grace in clean, sharp dives, out of the blue into the blue; birds of prey and birds preyed upon—no end, again.

For those of us who know very little, almost as truly as for those who know very much about birds, the Santa Monicas, with their hillsides and canyons, their cliffs, their ranches, their foothill fields and wide, bright apron of shore, offer a feathered largess no city could know, no mint could equal.

REMEMBERED SUNSETS

1

WE SIT on a bank, our feet in the dust of the trail, looking down. The fluted brown-green of numberless canyons stretches away. Suddenly (yes!), the tyrant sun is shorn of his power. Wasn't it but a moment ago that he burned his welcome way through hat and clothing and skin into our blood? And now, though he is bright as ever in the clear sky, an unseen shield—a growing depth of invisible lifestuff—floods between the tyrant and his slaves. His bright spears glance harmless like steel bullets slanting through water. But out of somewhere in the belly of that dark, winding snake, the canyon, comes an exhalation, cool, sweet, a herald of evening. The day, then, is over. Nothing now but for the sun to go his way in glory, to die, like the summer, in skyey goldenrod and scarlet maples of mist.

We watch the swift blooming and fading of heavenly flowers on the rim of the world, and remember the words the ancient Inca, worshipper of the Sun, spoke to Pizarro, the Spaniard: "Our God dies but to live again."

2

A bench overlooking a northern canyon. The sun goes down white and clear, beyond clean hills, out of a blue sky. The great canyon seems to grow wider and longer, perhaps because the eye finds its way more easily in a distance no longer hardened by the glint of the sun. The little canyons from brown and green turn blue, then purple. The soft light of the great canyon becomes dull, heavy, resistant again to the searching eye. A long, delightful wait. Still no color in the sky, except one golden sword suspended over a fine promontory, where deer are feeding on the flats. At last one star, bold candle in the pale sky; another star, and another. The glittering galaxies pierce through to their appointed places. It is night.

3

A garden upon the mountainside. A wild, God-planted garden. A garden of lily and honeysuckle and sage, of sumac and monkey-flower and sage, of innocence and aster and buckwheat—and sage. A God-planted garden wild over the side of the mountain, looking into the canyon's depth. The sun disappears early and high. No sunset at all, a dweller in deserts might say—no color, no splendor, no sudden glory of departing day. Well, no. Perhaps the dweller in deserts is right, and this is not a sunset at all. But the cool dusk is long enough even for the long dreams of lovers. And as for color—did ever a sunset heaven gleam with more varied hues than gleams this garden?

4

The Palisades, winter. A wind has blown the dust and the mist somewhere around the world, somewhere over and around and under the waters towards China. A silver disk, untinged, untarnished, the sun cleaves the bright waters and is gone.

Around half a world runs the soft line dividing the sea and sky, dividing the green waters from the blue heavens, dividing the dour depth out of which we come from the unthinkable heights into which we go. Around half a world, a line; hazing now into a ribbon; deepening now into a bond. The sky and the sea at their edges are one.

Out of the sea at last rises mist to make a glory in the sky; and the heavens, grateful, reflect a light upon the waters, turning their green to emerald, burning their blue to sapphire.

5

The Palisades, spring. The sun, grown yellow, heads into the west. Out of the Pacific comes a wind to greet him; on the wings of the wind rides mist, deepening into feathery billows of fog, which meet the sun. The yellow king grows red, then pales to gold, to silver, to white—and is lost.

Like sleep leading the hand of death, fog ushers night into the land.

6

The Palisades, summer. A ball of fire, the sun rolls down behind the hills. Over the mountain hangs a wide ribbon, white. The ribbon grows in length, in width; brightens, flashes, becomes a standard that might lead suns to war. The bright standard turns silver; then, with the speed of suns in battle, silver yields to gold, to red, to scarlet. The wide west is a flaming gonfalon; over the south fares a yellow haze, touching the shore of Avalon, binding a pale blue sky to a purple sea.

TOMORROW

IS IT WISE to attempt prophecy in a country where one's prediction is half fulfilled or half refuted before a few pages can be sped through the press? Perhaps not. But the temptation is great. Let us have our fling at painting these hills as the future will find them.

Elevation, outlook, bright sun, wind from the sea—these at least the hand and machinery of man will not greatly change. Some day the winds and the rains will blow and wash our wide hill-hulk down again to the plain's level; but not in our day, nor, very likely, in the day of any man. Human hands, digging and building and demolishing, will alter a part of our mountain outlook from year to year. Little twinkling towns will glare into gay cities, a ranchhouse at crossroads will grow into a town, long rows of houses will spring up along broad highways as Martian turnips flourish along the canals of Mars. Yes, there will be small changes in our outlook from these hills; but what ant's-mouth steam-shovel can nibble Mount Wilson into oblivion, or pinch away, grain by grain,

the granite bastions of Mount San Jacinto? And the sea and the sea's snowy edge, the sun and the clean salty winds—these do not even so much as laugh at the oily sweating of man's steel monsters.

Thus, so far as we and our children's children are concerned, the essentials of the Santa Monica Mountains may be looked upon as changeless. Man, the restless remodeler, will have to be content with the thousand and one lesser alterations possible to his hand.

He will build ever more miles of wide, smooth roads, skirting the tails of canyons, riding the knife-edges of ridges, climbing peaks, descending canyons to valley or shore—long shining miles climbing eagle-ward, short, shining miles falling to sea-level. The Mulholland Highway and the new cross-mountain roads are but a fine beginning. And, let us pray, not one single sign-board telling of "Punk's Garters" or "Silly Corsets" on any road anywhere in these hills.

Bridle-paths and hikers' trails, a thousand miles of them, will wind in and out of long, cool canyons, over the hills and back again, under oaks and sycamores and out through the chaparral under the bright sun. A man may enjoy a lifetime in these hills yet never discover the half of their nooks and dingles.

Homes, of course, will rise here in thousands. Many a peak, perhaps, will have its castle. Far back from every road, on crest, slope and canyon rim, homes will rise on green estates. So far as is possible to the hands

and eyes of artists, these homes will fit the hills—each will be appropriate to its own setting. Lawns will displace toyon and sumac. Cedar and pine and maple and pittosporum will send down tractable roots in appointed places. That mighty Australian family, the Eucalyptus, will bring forth their variegated flowers nearly all the year around. Even the pepper tree, maligned as it is these days as a purveyor of "sweepings" and harborer of scale, will likely be smokily ubiquitous among the invaders. Slopes which have known water only in days of winter rains will find their thirst quenched morning and evening all the long summer. In gratitude for this new dispensation, these slopes will produce such greenery as no Santa Monican summer ever saw. Long miles of highways will have their rows of trees. Somewhere in these hills, I hope, there will be a rose-way, a winding delightful road on whose wide margins will be planted every rose that ever grew anywhere on the earth—a twisting lane of roses of all hues and shades, with bright petals always falling, bright buds always opening, and the scent of roses forever in the air.

Among the foot-trails, too, there is opportunity here for the hand of man to aid nature's urge toward beauty. Sweet alyssum, which so loves to run wild in this country, might well make a trail perfect. A planting every hundred yards would soon become a winding line of summer snow, scenting not only the white-laced trail itself but the whole countryside.

To the rose-way and the sweet-alyssum trail might well be added a honeysuckle bridle-path. That curious creature, man, no matter how well he loves the wild plants of the hills, never loses his delight in the flowers of his childhood gardens and "backyards."

Not only legs and horses and motor cars will be at home in these hills. The airplane will soon be common; may easily predominate within a few years. Green landing fields will checker the summits. Hangars will hide under green vines and trees. Sedate business men will ride in five minutes from their hilltop homes to their city offices. Mother will take the kids for a spin before breakfast, out over Russell Valley and down by the sea at Malibu. The family blimp, even, will not be a stranger to these hills. The radio of the future will make all men neighbors. The world's news will reach the farthest and deepest of canyons as quickly as it finds the dwellers in city apartment houses. To the blessings of the hills will be added every good thing the city enjoys.

These changes the hand of man will effect in the Santa Monicas. But the essentials—height, outlook, sun and sea—will remain. And much that is wild will remain also. Every old tree, sycamore or oak or walnut, will be preserved. Wide slopes of chaparral will remain as the Lord planted them. Gardens of sage will still invite the bees to dine. Deer will still feed, at morning and evening, in deep canyons and upon grassy heights. Squirrel and coyote and hare will fol-

low their ancient custom by day and night. The linnet and the mocking-bird will multiply. Robins will visit wet, wormy places. Quail will feed in gardens and upon lawns as well as under the chamisal. Feathered visitors will still come down from the north and down from the high mountains in winter and up from the south and in from desert sands in summer.

Here in the midst of beauty old and new, people from all over the world will come to live, bringing with them the best in thought and custom that their old communities provided. Is it altogether vain to think that, given such people in such a place, a new and better kind of community will arise? Is it wholly fanciful to believe that such a community arising now at last in our own day, will lend itself to leadership in science, in religion, in the arts? Those of us who believe that these prophecies are neither vain nor fanciful are looking forward eagerly to the fulfilment of this modern invasion of the Santa Monica Mountains.

Y0-BTL-192